

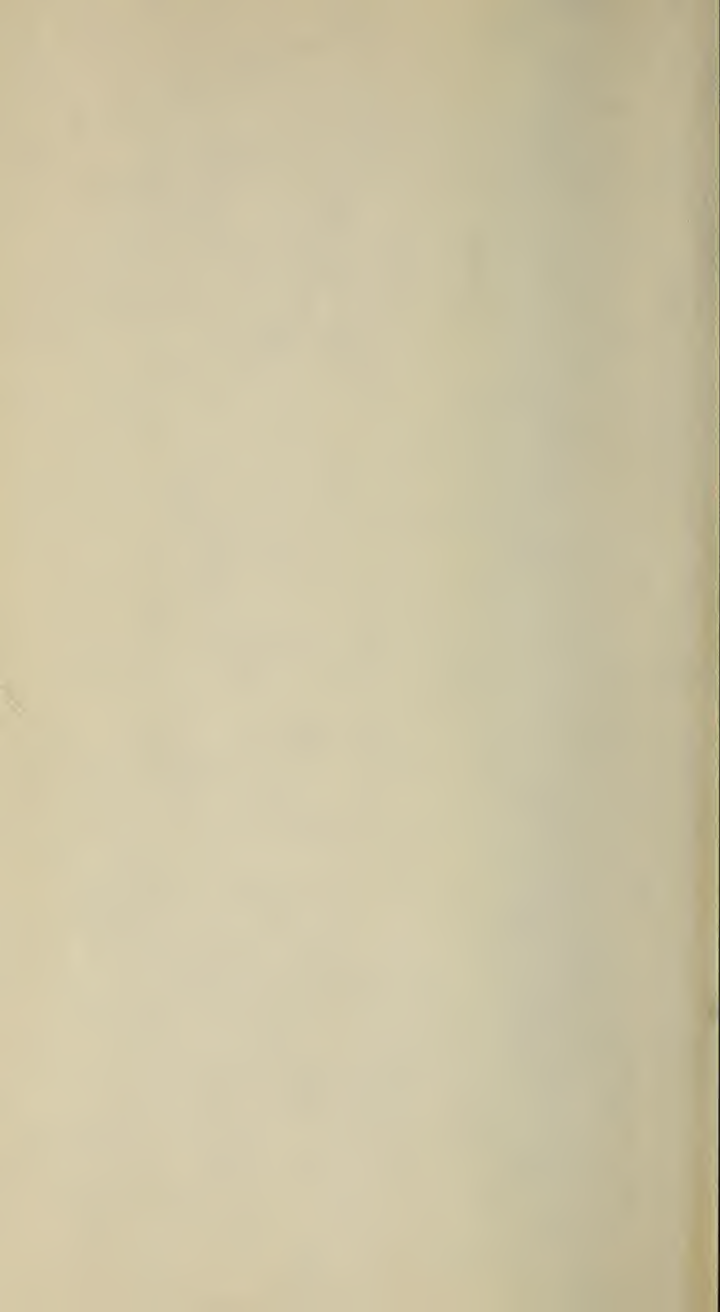
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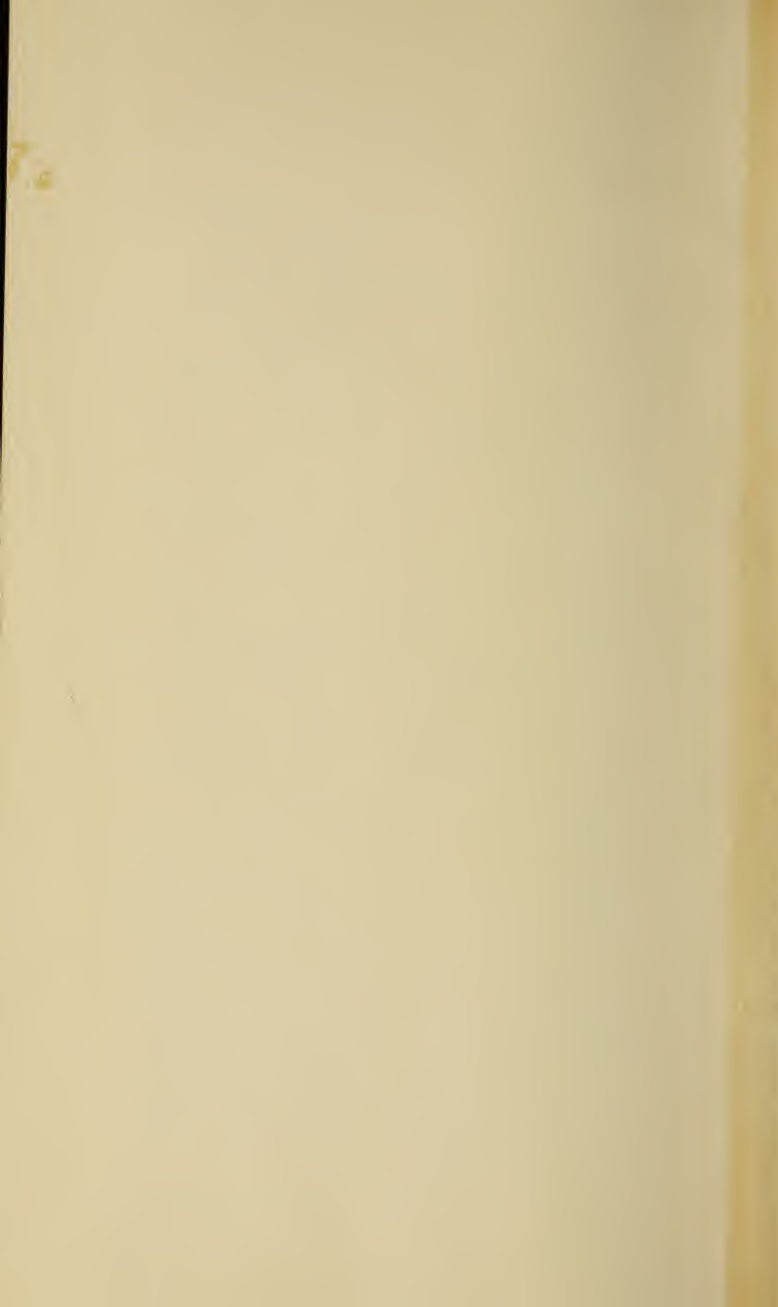
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Amelia Cole.

February 4th 1836.

A FATHER'S TRIBUTE.

Qualem virgineo demessum pollice florem,
Seu mollis Violæ—seu languentis Hyacinthi;
Cui neque fulgor adhuc, necdum sua forma recessit;
Non jam Mater alit Tellus.

VIRGIL. *Æn.* xi. 68.

A

FATHER'S TRIBUTE

TO

THE MEMORY

OF AN

AMIABLE CHILD.

Emily Farnier.
Farnier

OXFORD,

PRINTED BY J. L. WHEELER.

1835.

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Emily Garnier, daughter
of Rev. Thomas Garnier,
rector of Bishop's Stoke &
prebend., later dean, of
Winchester, died Mar.
29, 1835. (cf. Burke's
Land and gentry, p. 652.)
Her brothers, Thomas,
Henry, and John (see book,
p. 44) are given there
also.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following little Poems were composed by a beloved Daughter, who died before she completed her fourteenth year.

From her earliest hours she was destined to occasional suffering, and to many privations incidental to extreme debility of constitution; which no medical skill, nor the most unremitted attention of an affectionate mother, and of an only sister to whom she was ardently attached, could in any degree relieve.

During the intervals of comparative good health, she amused herself in her hours of leisure by putting into verse those ideas, which were the outpourings of a pious and intelligent mind, ever in love with the beauties of nature.

These Poems are selected from many others, and were written without the slightest correction

or assistance, as will appear from the unfinished state of several, and the omission of some rhymes; to which, as they did not occur to her at the moment, she was never able, from increasing weakness, afterwards to revert.

Trifles such as these, and in this imperfect state, must be insipid and uninteresting to all those who were unacquainted with the amiable disposition of this lamented child. It is not intended therefore to submit them to the public eye, or to allow them to pass beyond the circle of the intimate friends and associates of her own family. The dates of the month and the year are subjoined to each composition; and the last was found in her work-bag after her death, and only two days before her funeral.

She expired in the Close, at Winchester, on the 29th of March, 1835, and was buried, by her own desire, in her native village of Bishop's Stoke.

CONTENTS.

	Page
LINES, supposed to be said by Alexander Wilson	1
Corinth	3
To the Harebell	4
To an Acorn	5
Lines, supposed to be said by a Donkey	6
To the Planet Jupiter	7
The Seaman's Song	8
Upon a Nest of a Rookery	9
Upon a Primrose in Bud	10
On a Streamlet	12
The Bee and the Laurel Flower	ib.
To the Broom	15
The River at Brambridge	16
Song	17
On my Sister's going to Hitchin Priory	18
The Garden	20
The Syren of the Sea	26
The Olive	29
Hope	30
To my Donkey	31
A Thought	ib.
To Poesy	32
On hearing the Bells of Bishop's Stoke	33
On a Parasitical Plant	34
To my Brother on preaching	35
On an Owl	37
On the Death of a Child of Major Keppel	38

	Page
Song for Autumn	39
On some Moss	40
On a Pair of Canary Birds	ib.
Lines	42
Ode to Independence.	43
Verses to my Brothers and Sister.	44
On a single Hair of my Sister's	46
Sunset and Sunrise	ib.
Lines	48
On a Daisy	ib.
Ode to Disappointment	50
On hearing a young Lady sing	ib.
To my Brother Henry	51
Aphorism	54
Farewell to the Downs	ib.
Reflection	56
The Nereid	ib.
Song of the Sea-Gull	58
The Lark	60
To my Aunt Caroline	61
Runnymede	63
To my Brother John	65
Lines, supposed to be said by Richard the First.	67
The Lady in the Tower	69
Beauty	76
Hymn for Christmas	77
Hymn on our Saviour's Passion	79
On going to reside in the Close	81
Stanzas	83

LINES,

SUPPOSED TO BE SAID BY ALEXANDER WILSON, THE
AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGIST, WHEN TALKING OF DEATH
TO HIS FRIENDS.

O, in some sweet sequestered glade,
May I be laid whene'er I die ;
The violet blooming o'er my head,
I'll rest in calm tranquillity.

The zephyrs wafting o'er my grave,
Shall kiss the flowers that round me blow ;
The bees' soft humming mingling with
The murmuring streams that round me flow.

The birds in chorus round shall sing,
A requiem o'er my humble bed ;
The nightingale's soft mellow hymn,
The robin with his breast of red.

The thrush's song so soft and sweet,
The blackbird's note so clear and loud ;
The lark that with his dew-dipped feet
Flies till he's hid behind a cloud.

Thus may my soul in glades above,
Where rills of living water flow,
And flowers of peace, and joy, and love,
That never fade, around me blow.

There shall I with the angels sing
Praises to the eternal God,
On that great day when Christ shall bring
My clay-cold body from the sod.

August 2nd, 1832.

CORINTH.

THY pride and thy splendour, O Corinth, is low,
Thou no longer withstandest the spear and the bow,
Since the day when brave Minotti fell in the field,
And thou to the Turk wert compelled to yield.

Yet thy citadel once was so bright and so gay,
And thy palaces glittered with pomp and display,
And once thy tall towers were raised on high,
O ! how little thou thought'st they in ruin should lie.

Yet a beauty more tranquil, more calm, more serene,
Is diffus'd on the spot where thy ramparts were seen,
For the orange groves round in luxuriance grow,
And the myrtle's dark leaves with its blossoms of snow.

How vain are the works and productions of man,
How lovely is Nature, how wondrous her plan ;
And though Art may decay, and leave nought but a
Yet Nature's calm beauty is always the same ! [name,

August 19th, 1832.

—o—

TO THE HAREBELL.

No jewel could of fairest hue
Surpass thy beauteous bell of blue ;
Whene'er the highlander from home,
From Scotland is compell'd to roam ;
Whene'er thy lovely form he sees,
Light, graceful, waving in the breeze,
He thinks of wife and children dear,
His mother's voice is in his ear,
And on his plaid he drops a tear !

}

Thou bloomest on the mountain's side,
And rais'st thy bell in modest pride ;
Thou woo'st the sweet and passing gale,
Or livest in the peaceful vale,
Where rivers softly flow along,
And birds the bushes sing among ;
Oft children twine thy slender stem
To form a flowery diadem !

August 29th, 1832.

—o—

TO AN ACORN,

GATHERED IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

O THOU Acorn, how small and how verdant art thou,
O how lovely thou look'd when thou hung from the bough,
When the leaves in dark clusters encircled thee round,
And thy head peeping through them, in beauty I found.

I will plant thee, and tend thee with culture and care,
I will watch and rejoice when thy branches look fair,
I'll survey with delight and reflect on the time
When I pluck'd thee and gaz'd on the ocean sublime.

When my days are expired, and I'm laid in my grave,
Of the many soft dew-drops thy branches may lave,
O let fall one of these in remembrance of me,
As a proof of affection to one who lov'd thee.

September 10th, 1832.

—o—

LINES,

SUPPOSED TO BE SAID BY A DONKEY AT SEA-VIEW.

CLOSED in a field by stubble stiff o'ergrown,
I pick my scanty meal of grass alone,
With none to pity, none to share my pain,
And none to ease my sorrows deep will deign ;

For oft my aching limbs are urged along,
My labour often made e'en doubly long ;
Whene'er I see more happy donkeys nigh,
I think and say, alas for me ! and sigh ;
But what my joy when in my peaceful field
I lay me down, beneath the hedge conceal'd ;
Eas'd from the labours of the restless day,
I pass the night in slumbers sound away ;
For though my couch is hard, though coarse my fare,
And though my labour's great, I'm free from care ;
And therefore with my lot I'll be content,
Nor envy those whose days in sloth are spent.

September 12th, 1832.

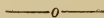
—o—

TO THE PLANET JUPITER.

THOU sitt'st in glory on the azure sky,
Thy soft and brilliant crown of rays on high ;

Perhaps in thee resides some noble soul,
Who like ourselves his Maker may extol ;
Perhaps some beauteous glade, or lovely bower,
In thee from danger may protect each flower,
Whose fragrant breath and early tinted bloom
May fill the air with exquisite perfume.
Art thou created with a crown so bright
To our small planet only to give light ?
It cannot be ! Presumptuous thought be still,
Some nobler, wiser end, thou'rt destined to fulfil !

September 27th, 1832.



THE SEAMAN'S SONG.

WHEN the waves foam on high and the billows are roaring,
The tempest and storm are our glory and pride ;
We will brave the wild blast when the torrents are pouring,
For the sake of our parents, our children, or bride.

When the waves are at rest, and the billows at slumber,
Roll faintly pursuing their fathomless way,
And the moon forth is shedding her rays without number,
O then is the time when the ocean looks gay !

But the waves foam on high and the billows are roaring,
The tempest and storm are our glory and pride ;
Let us brave the wild blast now the torrents are pouring,
For the sake of our parents, our children, or bride.

November, 1832.

—o—

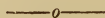
UPON THE
ONLY REMAINING NEST OF A ROOKERY,
OPPOSITE WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

UPON a leafless bough thy rude
Though firmly woven form was raised on high,
To shelter and protect a helpless brood,
Till they could spread their jetty wings and fly.

Thou only now remain'st of all the throng,
Of airy fabrics, here thou stand'st alone ;
For while with twigs the builders flew along,
A gun soon laid them lifeless as a stone.

One pair alone their labours could complete,
With strictest nicety they formed thee then,
With twigs and straw they built their airy seat,
And seemed to triumph o'er the schemes of men !

March, 1833.



UPON A PRIMROSE IN BUD.

PALE beauty of the coming spring,
Upon a verdant bank
Thou seemest still to earth to cling,
Afraid to venture blossoming,
Though o'er thee do the robins sing,
And round the grass grows rank.

Perhaps some urchin carelessly
May tear thy slender head,
And throw thee on the ground to die
Unnoticed, unobserved to lie
Unsoothed by breezes passing by,
By dew no longer fed !

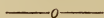
O may the grass around thee grow,
Luxuriant to defend
Thy tender form from ruthless foe,
Till thou'rt in mossy tomb laid low ;
O may'st thou, free from care and woe,
Thy hours in quiet spend !

March, 1833.

ON A STREAMLET, NEAR ITCHEN STOKE.

BRIGHT glistening pebbles, trickling o'er,
A little streamlet onward bore,
Broad blades of grass and cresses green,
Beneath a hedge embowering seen ;
Its glassy smoothness pleased my eye,
As on its course it hurried by ;
It seemed as if some water sprite
Had chosen it for her delight !

April 7th, 1833.



THE BEE AND THE LAUREL FLOWER.

A BEE said to a laurel flower,
Of softening snowy white,
“ I’ve wandered over grove and bower
“ With wheeling circling flight.

“ I’ve gathered honey from the rose

“ And honeysuckle sweet ;

“ Sweet cowslips which in meads repose,

“ And sweeter violet.

“ Yet all though bright, of sweet perfume,

“ Are frivolous and gay,

“ And thou dost nought of pride assume,

“ Unnoticed dost thou stay.

“ The flower of conquest’s honoured tree

“ Might grace a hero’s brow,

“ To celebrate his victory,

“ Thou ever verdant bough.

“ O could I from thy snowy breast

“ Extract of honey sweet,

“ Sufficient for a hero’s feast

“ Of dew and nectar meet !”

And thus replied the Laurel flower,

“ I thank thee truly, Bee,

“ But thou might'st put me 'neath the power

“ Of Pride and Vanity.

“ By praising me with speeches soft,

“ Pride might corrupt me soon,

“ And I might raise my head aloft

“ To court the Sun at noon.

“ My petals swelling with disdain

“ On every other flower,

“ 'Twould give me hatred perhaps and pain

“ O'er every grove and bower.

“ Then take my honey and combine,

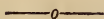
“ My sister flowers around,

“ Combine our honey, it is thine,

“ And fly thy 'customed round.”

The Bee was grateful ; thus he said,
“ On every verdant bower,
“ I'll ne'er forget thy modest head,
“ The snowy Laurel flower.”

May 9th, 1833.



TO THE BROOM.*

BRIGHT flower, on commons blooming wild,
Thou liv'st with beauty crowned,
By gorse defended, “Nature's child,”
On mountains thou art found.

Monarchs that rule Britannia's shore,
Of noble race and name,
Thy verdant boughs to battle bore,
To victory and fame.

* The race of Plantagenet are said to have derived their name from *Planta genista*, which they bore in battle, and which was an emblem of humility.

Now blooming on thy native soil
On mountain, heath, or lea,
Now bruised and bent in bloody broil,
Sign of humility !

O I shall always gaze on thee,
With lively interest,
And wish the golden broom to see,
In Scotland brightly drest.

May 12th, 1833.

—o—

ON THE RIVER AT BRAMBRIDGE.

THE maple bended lightly o'er the stream,
The ivy curl'd in graceful foliage round,
The water caught the sun's declining beam
And flowed a soft and melancholy sound.

It seemed to speak of scenes long past and gone,
Of scenes that I may ne'er behold again ;
Of sandy shore, of rocks of rugged stone,
And wake remembrance of the azure main.

The rocks and sand I may behold no more,
The azure billows I may never see,
But thou, sweet stream, the sorrow wilt deplore,
And soothe a passion with thy minstrelsy !

July, 1833.

—o—

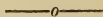
SONG.

I SAW a small flower of soft snowy hue,
'Twas studded with lilac and gold ;
O bright was the floweret, bright in the dew,
So simple and sweet to behold !

O but brighter by far borne on Poetry's wing,
The flowers of Fancy appear,
Ting'd with Memory's dew, which around them they
They blossom on bridal or bier. [fling,

The flower all sparkling with lilac and gold,
Was fit for a spirit or fay ;
But the flowers of Fancy more sweet to behold,
Are cradles for Virtue's calm ray !

July 20th, 1835.



ON MY SISTER'S GOING TO HITCHEN PRIORY.

My Sister, thou art gone from me
To other hall and other plain,
But every thought is given to thee,
In anguish, sorrow, or in pain !

My Sister ! how my soul doth burn,
When words to thee in angry tone
Now doubly to my heart return,
Like sunbeams on a turret lone !

My Sister ! all my earliest hours
Are centred in that little name,
When first I culled life's fairest flowers,
When first I nursed affection's flame !

My Sister ! O my Sister dear,
All, all my joys repose in thee ;
For thee I still will shed a tear,
In happiness and misery !

3 *August 16th, 1835.*

THE GARDEN.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE HON. F. G. HOWARD, M.P.

CANTO I.—SUMMER.

O, 'tis delightful at the early dawn
To hear the wood-lark hail the opening morn ;
To taste the sweet, the fresh enlivening breeze,
That softly whispers through the vernal trees !
But more delightful in the *Garden* bright,
Where brilliant flowers their varied hues unite,
The buds expanding fling their sweets on high,
And swell the zephyrs with a fragrant sigh ;
The blackbird warbles on the poplar bough,
And Flora reigns in all her splendour now ;
The lowly creeper and the lofty tree,
All shed around a silent harmony !
And where the tall magnolia rears her head,
The distant chesnuts round their branches spread.

But lo ! the village spire appears between,
And casts a softened sadness o'er the scene !
It speaks of brighter Paradise above,
Where reigns eternal happiness and love !
It tells of God, who formed these earthly flowers,
And bathes their branches bright with heavenly showers.
The blossoms are blooming in a radiant blaze,
All seem too beautiful for mortal gaze ;
And now is breaking on the enraptured sight,
The verdant meadow, and the streamlet bright ;
The buds are wooed by bees that round them rove,
The winged enchanters of the peaceful grove !
But Flora weaves a web, her flowery snare,
To lead a captive to her palace fair !
*The wild-wing'd natives of the forest green
Are spell-drawn from the castle of the Sylvan Queen !
Chas'd by the sportsman seeking refuge here
A timely respite o'er their path they steer !

* A covey of partridges took refuge in the Rosary.

To plume their crests, and ease their wearied wing ;
While flowers around their grateful odours fling,
The labyrinth of roses winding deep,
Around them throw the balmy dews of sleep.
The oak extends its limbs in giant length,
And stands the emblem of a giant's strength !
But the small twigs are waving gracefully,
From which the linnet views the Rosary !
It seems as if a spirit from the skies,
Had crowned with sweets this earthly Paradise !

CANTO II.--THE STORM.

THE scene is changed, the wind blows cold and high,
The murky clouds swift glide along the sky ;
The fettered demon, like the roaring main,
Bursts, on a blast, o'er Flora's bright domain,
Howling through branches, through the stately trees,
How different from the soft the balmy breeze !
The flowers are torn and scattered o'er the green,
The creepers cling in vain the boughs between.

A *Bower there was of laurels thick entwin'd,
A fitting temple for the musing mind :
One tree alone remains to brave the blast,
Of that bright group the loftiest and the last.
Was it the storm that tore the laurel bough ?
Was it the blast that laid the branches low ?
A ruthless weapon man prepared to lower,
With vengeance rude on that devoted bower.
But now the storm sweeps where the green turf lies,
Where then was raised that sylvan sacrifice ;
The dahlias bright their petals raise no more,
They're strewed like sea-weed on the sandy shore ;
Yet glowing still with raindrops sparkling bright,
Their fading tints still please the wearied sight ;
And from the green cordata's lofty form
A branch is riven by the sweeping storm !
The warbling blackbird, and the speckled thrush,
Now flee their haunts to 'scape the bending bush !

* A favorite seat was removed at this time.

Th' affrighted songsters trembling on the spray,
Scarce can their pinions bear their forms away.
The massive branches of the stately oak
Can scarce withstand the tempest's sweeping stroke ;
But now the storm abates its fearful force,
As stops a torrent in its rocky course !
It found a Paradise of fragrant flowers,
Watered by cooling dew, and balmy showers,—
It left, the blossoms and the branches torn,
A dreary waste—deserted and forlorn.

CANTO III.—WINTER.

THE shattered remnants of the tempest's sway,
With Autumn's dusky shades have passed away ;
Though now no more the blackbird sings around,
Bright flowers no longer deck the emerald ground,
Yet in the ever-verdant laurel grove,
The robin tunes his song, but *not* to love ;
His ruby bosom warbling forth his lay,
He flies with cheerful pace from spray to spray ;

Dahlias no more their brilliant blossoms show,
Yet purer than the white and spotless snow,
Through their dark glossy leaves camellias bloom,
And calycanthus sheds a sweet perfume.
Th' acacia's graceful fairy buds enfold,
And spreads abroad its od'rous flowers of gold !
The myrtle still its verdure bright retains,
And laurel, brought from Lusitania's plains !
Ivy is wreathed in rich festoons on high
From some pearl-studded bough of varied dye.
Reflected, glittering by the sunbeams pale,
It e'en their powerless presence seems to hail ;
But soon the blackbird will commence his lay,
The sun will shed a brighter warmer ray.
Soft genial breezes from the south will blow,
And flowers of spring their early blossoms show.
Nature beneath the earth, with anxious care,
Prepares the soil, that seeds may shelter there !
Thus man should in his heart keep Virtue's seed,
Discarding Folly as a worthless weed ;

And thus (few flowers around him blossoming)
Prepare his spirit for eternal spring !

October, 1833.

—o—

THE SYREN OF THE SEA.

A GRECIAN POEM.

Who rapidly glides on the sea-beat sand—
O, is she a virgin of Grecia's land ?
Her garb is of faded cerulean dye,
And a tear-drop shines in her dark brown eye ;
The cypress wreath in her flowing hair,
Tells a sorrow too deep for a form so fair !
With voice though faint, yet clear and free,
Thus sung the Syren of the Sea.

SONG.

Beneath the moonlight pale I rove,
But not to talk or sing of love ;

Upon the sandy shore I come,
But not to gaze on ocean's foam !
When Grecian wind the banners fanned
Of warriors come from Turkish strand ;
When Turkish sword my Father slew,
Who for Greece the sword of freedom drew,
My Mother mourned in solitude,
And o'er her sorrows keen would brood ;
While I was dragged from Grecian shore
By pagans stained in Christian gore,
More wretched than the song can tell,
A slave,——but not an infidel !
But Hope soon cheered my weary frame—
I dwelt with delight on my Mother's name ;
Unshaken my soul, though crazed my brain,
I thought on the time to rejoice again,
And tread once more on Grecia's plain !
And hurried on by dark despair,
I dared what mortal scarce would dare,

Return'd to the land called Greece no more,
The hateful crescent pollutes the shore ;
And when around I turned mine eye
The country was altered fearfully !
I bent my steps to the olive grove,
Where my Mother and I were wont to rove ;
Intending if fortune should on me smile,
To fly with her to some distant isle !
And I felt a chill in the olive gloom
When I found in the shade my Mother's tomb.
I soon shall escape from the Turkish thrall,
Sword, scimitar, fetter—I've braved them all !
I shall soon be free from care and pain,
And burst the links of the Turkish chain !
Yes ! e'en if the heathen discover me here,
And bear me back to a dungeon drear.

The song has ceas'd, the mantle blue
Has faded away in the distant view ;

And would'st thou more of the Syren know,
And dost thou pity her tale of woe,
Then stranger,—her stainless spirit is free,
And her cold form rests in the dark blue sea.

November, 1833.

THE OLIVE.

Psalm i. 4. lii. 9.

THE Olive waves around its verdant bough,
Unscorched by golden Phœbus' fiery glow ;
Unchilled by blighting blast of winter drear,
It lives unchanged through the revolving year !
And thus the virtuous man will wend his way,
His soul unwearied, through Life's chequer'd way !
Unscorched by sunbeams of prosperity,
Unchilled by blast of drear adversity !
Unaltered still in sunshine or in shade,
Uncrushed, unscathed, " his leaf shall never fade ! "

November, 1833.

HOPE.

THE lark is flying
From his fresh couch of dew.
The zephyr's sighing
Through the aged yew ;
And Hope revives at sight so fair,
And with the lark it springs to air,
Unchecked by sorrow or despair,
It bursts their fetters through !

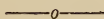
The moon in splendour
Shines in the azure sky ;
The glow-worms render
Their faint beamings nigh ;
Hope sheds around a brighter ray,
Dispels all feverish glooms away,
That in the woe-worn bosom stay,
And points to realms on high !

November, 1833.

TO MY DONKEY.

I'VE sung of trees, of birds, of flowerets bright,
Of ocean blue, of stars' ethereal light !
To thee, companion of my early day,
Unmeet it were to grudge one simple lay !
Thy faithful deeds have ne'er recorded been,
Save by thy footsteps graven on the green :
Thou long hast borne me on thy back of brown,
Patient in showering snow, or tempests frown,
And in old age thou wilt receive from me
A meet reward for thy fidelity !
Thou shalt repose within a flowery field,
Where crystal streams refreshing coolness yield !

November, 1833.



A THOUGHT.

WHEN sorrow o'er the youthful soul
Comes, by remembrance driven,

It makes the tears in torrents roll,
And speaks of kindred riven !

Thus o'er the green and flowery vale,
The mountain torrents roar,
Destroying all the lilies pale,
So beautiful before !

December 2nd, 1833.

—o—

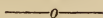
TO POESY.

O THOU hast told of deeds by warriors done,
Of battles fought, of kingdoms lost and won,
Of past'ral charms, that o'er the landscape lie,
Of beauty's spell,—O thou sweet Poesy !
And I have humbly offered at thy shrine,
A flower unmeet to deck a brow like thine
When roses bright amid thy tresses shine !

}

One brazen link within thy chequer'd chain,
But O, bright queen of song and science, deign
My feeble efforts not to cast away,
And shed from thy bright eye one kindling ray.
Thou oft hast told of love, and still dost tell,
Yet few pure pearls upon thy bosom dwell ;
Many have offered jewels at thy shrine,
But few are cleansed from the murky mine !

December 3rd, 1833.



ON HEARING THE BELLS OF BISHOP'S STOKE
CHURCH.

It is a soothing welcome sound,
Appealing to the heart,
If there's a feeling can be found,
To make the tear-drop start.

It brings back blithesome years gone by,
Bright years of childhood's joy ;

When laughter came without a sigh,
Unmingled with alloy !

But O in times of pain and grief,
That sound unaltered still,
Brings to the fainting soul relief,
Bowed with excess of ill !

O 'tis a soothing welcome sound,
Appealing to the heart,
If there's a feeling can be found
To make the tear-drop start !

December 4th, 1833.

—o—

ON A PARASITICAL PLANT THAT GROWS ON
THE FURZE.

Rootless, fruitless flower of snow,
Disclose the secrets of thy birth ;

All other flowerets shoot and grow,
Proceeding from their mother earth !

But thou dost live on air alone,
Spread'st thy red streamers to the wind ;
To zephyrs sigh, or tempests moan,
But can'st thou there refreshment find ?

Thou clingest to the dark green thorn,
Entwining with thy tendrils bright,
Bedewed with sparkling pearls at morn,
Kissing the moonbeams clear at night !

December 5th, 1833.

—o—

TO MY BROTHER ON PREACHING AT BISHOP'S
STOKE.

THE breeze's voice upon the ocean's breast
Lulls the blue placid billows into rest ;

The nightingale's in softer melody,
In myrtle groves afar from human eye !
But thine resounding through the arched aisle,
Echoes distinctly in the sacred pile !
It speaks to Virtue of a rest in Heaven,
Vengeance to vice, and Faith to be forgiven.
Thine eloquence appealing to the heart,
To many a care-worn soul will balm impart ;
To many a sinner will conviction bring,
And yet yield healing to remove the sting ;
The Widow—Hope to meet her own again
In realms on high, free from all care and pain !
To all the inmates of the sacred dome,
Pardon and peace, and an eternal home !
And still when age creeps with destructive tread,
And e'en when thou shalt mingle with the dead,
Still will the precepts from thy inspiring tongue
Remain, as on thy lips the accents hung ;
Still, still thy virtues will affection claim,
And infant lips shall lisp my Brother's name !

December 6th, 1833.

ON AN OWL SHOT BY MY BROTHER.

BIRD of Minerva ! Thou art fallen low ;
No more wilt thou within the yew-tree's shade,
At twilight dim, thy shadowy plumage show,
Nor flap thy dark wing o'er the mould'ring dead.

Emblem of Wisdom ! By the hand of man
Thou liest lifeless on the grassy ground ;
O never will the midnight breezes fan
Thy gloomy form, with thrilling, fearful sound !

Bird of the Night ! Thou dost no longer live,
Yet long may wisdom in the human mind
For ages immemorial survive,
Nor perish by the folly of mankind !

December 8th, 1833.

ON THE DEATH OF A TWIN-DAUGHTER OF THE
HONOURABLE MAJOR KEPPEL.

YE early buds within the verdant glade,
O droop your heads, replete with fragrant dew,
For one fair infant in the tomb is laid,
More beautiful more innocent than you.

Oft had she gamboled with a childish joy,
Till fever laid her sportive visions low ;
Quenched the bright spark which cradled in her eye,
The ruby current in her snowy brow.

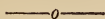
Her brother lingered in this world of care,
To weep and wonder whither she had flown,
And why she came not his delights to share,
And why she left him cheerless and alone !

On Mittie's grave may fragrant violets bloom,
Emblems of that fair form that 'neath them lies ;

And when mankind receive their final doom

Then will she soar in triumph to the skies !

January 18th, 1834.



SONG FOR AUTUMN.

WHEN the trees are adorn'd with a garment of brown,

When the emblems of Bacchus hang heavily down,

O then is the Autumn, and then is the hour

That tolleth the knell of bird, insect, and flower !

When the yellow corn yields to the stroke of the swain,

And the dark woodlands echo again and again,

O then is the Autumn, and then is the hour

That tolleth the knell of bird, insect, and flower !

When the gossamer hangs on the bright dewy blade,

And the flow'rs are beginning to wither and fade,

O then is the Autumn, and then is the hour

That tolleth the knell of bird, insect, and flower !

January 31st, 1834.

ON SOME MOSS SEEN ON A DOWN,

NEAR WINCHESTER.

THE lily is robed in a vesture of snow,
The roses in beauty their bright blossoms show,
In the valley the violet sheds a perfume,
But ne'er on a bleak hill would flourish and bloom.

But O can the rose and the lily compare,
With thy wee-bonny leaflets so green and so fair :
The rose and the lily in gardens are sown,
But thou bloom'st on the bleak hill unseen and alone.

February 4th, 1834.

—o—

ON A PAIR OF CANARY BIRDS,

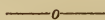
GIVEN TO ME BY THE COUNTESS OF ALBEMARLE.

IN garden fair or greenwood bower,
That shelters many a blooming flower,

The nightingale in moonlight pale,
Might warble sweetly to the gale !
But these bright birds of golden hue,
A bower or garden never knew,
But in a cage uncharmed will die,
Save by their own sweet melody !
O never, never have they seen
Those isles which sleep 'neath skies serene ;
Never have viewed that mountain high
Which towers in grandeur to the sky !
From thence their race and lineage sprung,
'Twas there their fathers sweetly sung ;
And 'twas from thence they took their name,
When first to England's shores they came !
And though by wooden, wiry wall,
Confin'd in lonely captive thrall,
They pine not for the mountain blue,
Nor sigh for joys they never knew,
But sweetly warbling forth their lay,
They'll wile the heavy hours away.

Till nightly shades will softly rise
To close their brightly beaming eyes !
Until Aurora's flowery hand
Shall burst their eyelids' yellow band,
And wake them to their sprightly strain,
Wake to their prison joys again !

February 9th, 1834.



LINES.

BRIGHT is the rose on a mournful bier,
Bright the moon-beams softly gleaming,
But brighter far is Pity's tear,
Adown the cheek of childhood streaming !

Sweet is music's magic power,
Sweet the fragrant breath of even ;
Sweet a cooling April shower,
But sweeter far a thought on Heaven !

February 13th, 1834.

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

HAIL, Independence ! Light-limbed maid,
Approach, in loose attire arrayed ;
Bathe thy dark tresses in the dew
Of the meadow green, or violet blue ;
Though from my frame thou long hast flown,
Long have I lost thy cheerful tone,
Thy flames within my spirit burn,
And wilt thou ne'er again return ?
The patriot glories to be free,
And tunes his lyre to liberty !
Th' industrious swain on labour bent,
Lives in a cottage with content !
But thou hast brighter charms for me,
Thy voice is more than melody !
And though from me thou long hast flown,
Though I have lost thy cheerful tone,
I feel thy worth, retain thy flame,
Though thou hast left my feeble frame.

Still, still thy value will I prize,
And nerveless Indolence despise !

February 16, 1834.

—o—

VERSES ADDRESSED TO MY BROTHERS AND
SISTER.

THOUGH most unworthy of thy care,
Yet when this frame shall lifeless be,
When worms this mould'ring flesh shall share,
O then, my Sister, think of me !

And thou*, afar on Indian plain,
O when in battle's trying hour,
When friend and foe for freedom strain,
O think of peaceful English bower !

* My brother Henry.

And when on ocean's azure wave,
The pale moon lifts her crescent high,
When billows cool her soft beams lave,
O lend a thought to Emily !

And thou*, where Cambria's mountains tower,
The seeds of virtue scattering round,
And thou†, enwapt in classic lore,
In Alma Mater's classic ground !

O mingle with your thoughts of home,
O give for me one passing sigh,
If e'er in dreams you homeward roam,
O lend *one* thought to Emily !

February, 1834.

* My brother Tom.

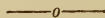
† My brother John.

ON A SINGLE HAIR OF MY SISTER'S.

A QUEEN might prize a golden chain,
To glitter on her forehead fair,
But I'd refuse it with disdain,
All for this single nut-brown hair !

'Tis not its soft and nut-brown hue,
'Tis not its texture fine alone,
Belonging to a Sister true,
A link of fond affection !

February 17th, 1834.



SUNSET AND SUNRISE.

THERE is a time when the setting sun
Tells when another day is done ;
When the birds have sought their place of rest,
And the clouds with various hues are drest.

No gentle breeze disturbs the scene,
And clear is the heav'n and serene !
Each sound re-echoes where it fell,
And the calmness is insupportable.
O some have sung of a summer's eve,
And some with joy the lay receive,
But never can I love the time,
That mourns the death of the noon-day prime !

There is a time when the rising sun
Tells that the morning has begun !
When the waking songsters tune their lay,
To hail with joy the new-born day !
The fragrant zephyrs wave the bough,
The brooks with fresher murmurs flow ;
When the cheerful sounds delight the soul,
Bursting from the verdant knoll !
To chase the gloomy thoughts away,
O how I love the opening day !

February 22nd, 1834.

LINES.

I WATCHED a cloud of fleecy hue,
Gliding along the azure sky,
Until it vanished from my view,
And thus I thought do mortals die !

The cloud did swiftly disappear
Unheeded in the firmament ;
And thus I thought is man's career,
His little hour is quickly spent !

February 26th, 1834.

—o—

ON A DAISY

TRANSPLANTED FROM A DOWN TO OUR GARDEN IN THE CLOSE.

How wonderful are all the works of God ;
E'en the small daisy blooming on the sod,
Within its emerald casket closely set,
Its amber eye and ruby coronet !

Familiar to our admiring youthful eye,
It brings back days and hours long floated by ;
And though transplanted from its grassy bed,
Still this may bloom and raise its humble head ;
And still within its crimson crown concealed,
Its amber eye may lurk, its beauty unrevealed !
For there repose unnumbered flow'rets fair,
And all their stamens and their petals bear !
O may I, every time on thee I gaze,
Reflect on God, and magnify his praise !
That same wise Being made both thee and me,
And still preserves us by his wise decree !
But thou when faded ne'er again shall bloom,
But I shall never perish in the tomb !
For if I walk in virtuous thoughts and ways,
With saints in Heaven shall celebrate his praise !

March 5th, 1834.

ODE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

DEPART, thou gloomy cheerless form,
Who lov'st to wake an inward storm ;
Who stirr'st to flame the heart of stone—
Unwelcome visitant, begone !
Yet e'en if Disappointment shed
Her poisonous dew around my head,
Shall Hope her healing zephyrs send,
And Temper triumph in the end !

March 17th, 1834.

—o—

ON HEARING A YOUNG LADY SING.

OFT have I heard the blackbird's lay,
Echoing in a summer's day ;
The azure billows as they roll,
Murmur sweet music to my soul !

But nought can equal beauty's chain,
The magic tones of lovely Jane !
Murmuring rolls the azure wave,
Its crest of foam the moonbeams lave ;
But those sweet sounds, that silvery tone,
That spell which in beauty rests alone,
Passing through the coral lip,
Brighter than rosebuds for bees to sip,
Lingering on each shining pearl,
Quivering with each auburn curl,
O nought can equal, nought can vie
With beauty's magic minstrelsy !

March 18th, 1834.



TO MY BROTHER HENRY.

THOUGH far away, though far away
From British shore, from British land,
Though thou art where the sun's fierce ray
Glares upon the scorching sand !

Yet will thy name still cherish'd be,
By thy fond kindred ne'er forgot ;
Each scene will waken memory,
And whisper still, " Forget me not. "

And when the fierce and angry foe,
Thundering comes with bloody steel,
Laying gallant warriors low,
None to spare, and none to heal !

Firm be thy heart, thy sinews strong,
Swift be thy steed, thy courage high ;
O dash thy charger bold along,
For Britain's honour fight or die !

Avenge thy country, bravely strive
To gain a never-dying fame ;
Bravely die or nobly live,
Be worthy of a Briton's name !

But if thou see'st a foeman bold,
On battle plain in death-pang lie,
O let not then thy heart be cold,
O soften death's last agony !

And thou wilt soothe the parting soul,
And soothe it as a soldier can ;
Till past all pity and controul,
For though a foe he's still a man !

And when to England's shores again
Thou wilt return to peace and home,
How welcome from the sandy plain,
'Twill seem in English glade to roam !

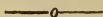
How sweet to taste domestic joy,
To view each well-remembered spot,
Which, whether far away or nigh,
Will say for thee, " Forget me not ! "

March 31st, 1834.

APHORISM.

HEALTH is ne'er prized till pain and sickness come,
The ship-wrecked wanderer doubly values home !

April 3rd, 1834.



FAREWELL TO THE DOWNS,

WRITTEN BEFORE LEAVING WINCHESTER.

FAREWELL to the scenes where my fancy hath wandered
In dreams of the future, sweet visions of joy,
Farewell to the spot where I often have pondered,
As I gazed on the landscape, the plain, and the sky !

Farewell to the spot where the white crimson daisy
Reposes at ease on her pillow of green ;
If the far-distant landscape was sunny or hazy,
How sweet then my thoughts, now my sorrow how
keen !

Farewell to the place where the soft mountain breezes
Never seemed so delicious, so fragrant before ;
Where the lark my dull ear with his melody pleases,
Never seemed with such unrestrained freedom to soar !

Farewell ye loved scenes, I must tarry no longer,
No longer enjoy such a luxury now ;
Though the web of your charms round my heart fastens
stronger,
I must linger no more on the hill's lofty brow.

Ne'er again I may see the soft landscape extending,
Ne'er again I may hear the lark's melody swell,
Ne'er again on the hill the soft sunbeams descending,
Farewell, ye loved scenes of enchantment, Farewell !

April 8th, 1834.

REFLECTION.

How oft when gladness animates the heart,
A dark remembrance casts its shadow there ;
O then delight and cheerfulness depart,
And leave their dwelling place to black despair !

But soon Religion soothes the bursting heart,
The heart with dark conflicting passions rent ;
O then Despair and Joy alike depart,
And leave their dwelling place to calm Content !

April 18th, 1834.

—o—

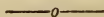
THE NEREID.

THE moon shone bright on the dark blue sea,
And rode in the Heaven with majesty !
The rugged rocks on the yellow shore,
The shadows cast of their foreheads hoar !

The soft sea-breeze scarce ruffled the billow,
That slowly crept to its sandy pillow ;
All, all seemed bright by ocean blue,
Save those dark rocks that frowned on the view !
A sea-nymph wandered on the shore,
And gazed on the rocks, with their foreheads hoar ;
Her lips but mocked the coral gem,
That glowed in her sparkling diadem !
Her auburn ringlets softly lay
On her neck, which was whiter than ocean's spray ;
Bright was her beaming dark blue eye,
Her form was in perfect symmetry !
And as she smiled on the lovely scene,
The night breeze waved her robe of green !
She raised her voice with silvery tone,
The echoes she woke on that shore so lone !
Again she gazed on the azure main,
Again awoke the silvery strain !
When the moonbeams fled the ocean foam,
The Nereid sought her rocky home !

The sparry wall was raised on high,
And hung with sea-weed tapestry !
The floor was wet with ocean's foam,
(That glittered within the rocky dome,)
And was strew'd with shells from the ocean's bed,
With sparkling pearls and coral red !
On a sea-weed couch the Nereid lay,
Surrounded by cooling ocean spray ;
Her crown was cast on the glittering ground,
Where pearls and coral were strewed around !
Unfettered flowed her auburn hair,
In slumber lay that Nereid fair !

June, 1834.



SONG OF THE SEA-GULL.

I woo the breeze, I woo the blast,
That sweeps the boundless sea ;
I mark the wave, that rushing past,
Rolls onward fierce and free !

My snow-white wing I love to lave
In sparkling silvery foam ;
I love to hear the bubbling wave
Around my rocky home !

I love to plunge below the wave,
To view the treasure there ;
To gain the spoil,—the tempest brave,
My briny feast prepare !

I love the time, I love the hour
When quakes the warrior stern ;
When storms prevail, and tempests lower,
And forked lightnings burn !

Then while the forked lightnings gleam,
Low bends the tall mast's head ;
O then I raise my shrilly scream,
As requiem o'er the dead !

I scorn the natives of the grove,
That love the greenwood tree ;
The roaring, foaming wave *I* love,
The wild unbounded sea !

June 4th, 1834.

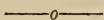
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THE LARK.

THE sun shone bright on the distant trees,
Softly whispered the evening breeze,
It rustled by each tall green ear,
That told that the harvest time was near !
It lightly swept where many a flower
Might hide its head in its grassy bower !
And there arose from the verdant lea,
A bird that loveth not greenwood tree !
Alone he rose in the air, alone
He warbled his song with varied tone,

With quivering throat of silver seeming,
And wings of living silver gleaming !
It ceas'd not, paus'd not, echoing still
It issued from the slender bill !
It ceas'd not, paus'd not, that blithsome song ;
Sweet bird ! what can thy lay prolong ?
Is it aught that thou see'st in the boundless sky
That prompts thy thrilling melody ?
Beneath thy silver plumage lies,
Chained by sweet music's mysteries,
Where joy and innocence remain,
A heart as artless as thy strain !

June 12th, 1834.



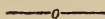
TO MY AUNT CAROLINE.

WHEN childhood's years are past, and youth is fled,
And various cares are gathering round my head,
Then while I scan the page with raptured eye,
That tells the charm of magic memory,

Then shall I feel the charm, and own the spell,
And meditate on thee I loved so well !
Then shall I think upon that happy time,
When the soul's energies were in their prime !
Then with delight I viewed, and eager bliss,
The wonders of the vast Metropolis !
While histrionic scenes engrossed my sight,
I felt and owned unlimited delight !
Each quick sensation I shall feel anew
When first the domes of Greenwich met my view,
The sculptured chapel and the painted hall,
All these in turn will memory's charm recall !
Yes, all thy kindness feel, but own the while,
Each pleasure sweet, made sweeter by thy smile !
Though envy's blasts may other souls annoy,
Thou smilest joyously at others' joy !
O, in thy heart the gentler virtues dwell,
As softer flowerets blossom in the dell !
Within the soul of *her* the object of thy care,
O may those gentler virtues flourish there !

On her red lip, and in her dark brown eye,
Linger the smile, and tear of sympathy !
May she with gratitude thy care repay,
May she the gloom of sickness charm away ;
And when the earth conceals thee from her sight,
Where grow green blades of grass and flowerets bright,
O may she then, and many an after year,
Pay the fond tribute of affection's tear !
With melancholy pleasure think on thee,
And own the charm of magic memory !

June 22d, 1834.



RUNNYMEDE.

THE willow waves her fragile bough,
The river rolleth by,
And brightest grass-blades clustering grow,
Where meadow-flowerets lie !
But is there nought within the lea
Besides this rustic scenery ?

Yes! Memory's charms enchant the mead,
And with the river roll,
For there was done a famous deed,
And signed a famous scroll!
A scroll as fam'd as scroll could be,
The bond of English liberty!

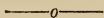
'Twas summer, when the air is fraught
With many a gentle sound,
O who would breathe a low-born thought
When nature smiles around?
Who would not wish his brethren free,
As larks 'neath heaven's blue canopy!

But no such feeling ere possessed
The heart of tyrant John,
With coward brain, an iron breast,
A heart of hardest stone!
Fear forced the King within the lea,
To sign this bond of liberty!

The snakes unbound in thickets lurk,
The birds unshackled fly,
Then why should *Man*, God's noblest work,
In slavery's shackles lie ?
Why should not *Man* (since all are free)
Redeem his glorious destiny ?

Still Freedom's flame in Britain's land
Will ever burn unquenched,
Till every flower, by zephyrs fann'd,
With British blood is drenched !
Till every hill and every lea
Echo the knell of Liberty !

July 25th, 1834.



TO MY BROTHER JOHN,

ON GOING TO SEA-VIEW.

My Brother, my Brother, thou'rt going away,
Where the dark rocks are bathed by the ocean's soft spray ;

Thou'rt going, my Brother ! yet dally not long ;
Though rude be my minstrelsy, worthless my song !

I shall value the jewel thou gavest to me,
And think on the donor, yes, think upon thee !
Not a stone in the jewel so deeply is set
As the name in my heart, I can never forget !

My Brother ! I'll muse when thou'rt by the blue sea,
On the day when we dallied 'neath greenwood tree ;
On the time when we pleasantly wandered there,
In Marwell the lonely ! in Marwell the fair !

My Brother ! my Brother ! thou'rt going away,
Where the dark rocks are bathed in ocean's soft spray ;
Thou'rt going, my Brother, yet dally not long,
Though rude be my minstrelsy, worthless my song !

August 17th, 1834.

LINES,

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN SAID BY RICHARD CŒUR DE LION
DURING HIS CAPTIVITY IN GERMANY.

I've conquered the Saracen, fought on the plain,
Where the white sand was covered with heaps of the
I've seen on the towers of Ascalon wave [slain ;
The banner all red with the blood of the brave !
But why am I here, by this dark dungeon wall,
And why do these fetters my sinews enthrall ?
It was not the Saracen ! No, he would scorn
To fetter a foe all unarmed and forlorn !
By the pleasures that dwell in his paradise groves,
By the prophet he serves, by the lady he loves !
'Twas one who in Palestine reddened his sword,—
A soldier, a Christian, and Austria's lord !
Yet prowling in wrath, like the wolf in his den,
The proudest of soldiers, the basest of men !
And thou, Berengaria ! O dost thou mourn,
And weep that thy Richard will never return ?

Dost thou think that the broad rolling sea is his grave,
His coffin the breaker ? his shroud the dark wave ?
Ah no ! It is false, he still lingereth on,
In the grave of the living, all cheerless and lone ;
And oh ! there's a fire that scorneth controul,
A fire that burns while it lightens his soul !
'Tis the fire of Freedom ! he burns to be free,
For glory and England, for beauty and thee !
But there may be an hour when England shall know
Where her monarch is pining in fetters and woe ;
Then that mighty Slavonian, that scorpion accurst,
May brood o'er the dreams his proud spirit hath nurs'd !
And hear it proclaimed in the forest and plain,
Proud Austria's Captive, a Monarch again !

October 5th, 1834.

THE LADY IN THE TOWER.

A POEM WRITTEN AFTER SEEING A MOUND IN RICHMOND PARK, ON WHICH HENRY VIII. STOOD TO SEE THE FLAG ON THE TOWER OF LONDON, WHICH ANNOUNCED ANNE BOLEYN'S EXECUTION.

ON the dark Tower bright shone the morning sun
That told the night was past, the day begun;
The Lady thought on what she once had been,
A captive now, where once she reigned a queen !

“ On the dark wall I see the sun's bright ray,
“ That shews how fair will be the opening day ;
“ But oh ! this lovely morning is my last,
“ My hours are numbered, and my fate is cast !
“ A thousand flowers are bursting from their shrouds,
“ To hail the blue sky decked with fleecy clouds !
“ A thousand birds are warbling on the tree,
“ A thousand streamlets gurggle in the lea,
“ But ere the sun has sunk behind the hill,
“ Ere the last ray is quenched, and all is still,

“ My then cold form will be immersed in gloom,
“ In the dark chambers of the dreary tomb !
“ But though so fair is nature all around,
“ And though so blithe is every summer sound,
“ Yet so completely wretched is my soul,
“ So deep has drunk of Sorrow’s bitter bowl !
“ I would not live another joyless day,
“ My sickened spirit would no longer stay !
“ I gave my heart to him who said he loved,
“ And now his falsity is fully proved !
“ I would not, could not live, and, sighing, know
“ Another partner of his joy and woe !
“ I could not live, however brief the time,
“ While basely branded with a baser crime.
“ ’Tis false, ’tis false, O God of earth and sky,
“ Thou know’st I hate such horrid infamy !
“ But thou, sweet babe, for thee alone, for thee,
“ Would I live on a life of misery !
“ Thy father now will spurn thee from his sight,
“ And hate the infant, once his sole delight !

“ But, darling child ! my latest prayer shall be,
“ That from all evil God may shelter thee !
“ That He will keep thy spirit spotless still :—
“ Will He protect thee ? O He will, He will ! ”

The hour is come, and high the scaffold stood ;
The axe was ready for its work of blood !
And many stood around, too proud to own
They once had trembled 'neath the Lady's frown !
And some few faithful damsels lingered nigh
To see their guiltless much-loved Lady die !
The cold steel shone—'tis past—the gleam is gone—
The fatal stroke is struck, the deed is done !
And one shrill shriek, the shriek of wild dismay,
In wilder chaos gently died away !
As that bright head that once had borne a crown,
Ghastly, yet red with gore, came rolling down !

The fawns are sporting in the bracken wild,
And o'er them e'en the old oaks grimly smiled ;

The evening mists from the bright view were driven,
Now only bounded by the glorious heaven !
Through the green trees arose the smoke-wreaths thin,
That told of many a cot that slept within ;
And the broad river nobly lay below,
So still and calm you scarce might see it flow ;
On its clear bosom one small island lay,
That seemed to glory in the bright spring day !
O not a tree or human trace was there,
But all was green and dewy, calm and fair.

There was a form upon a high green mound,
O did he gaze upon the scenes around ?
He was a monarch,—did he linger there,
To taste the freshness of the summer air !
Was it to gaze upon the distant view—
To mark the thorn trees bathed in melting dew ?
Ah no ! to those bright scenes his eye was dim,
They were *too* pure, *too* beautiful for him !

He recked not scenes of beauty slumbering nigh—
That slave of sin, dark passion's votary!
One distant spot, one spot, and *only* one,
With eye-ball fixed that monarch gazed upon!
There, where in one thick cloud the smoke-wreaths rose,
Stood England's pride,—the envy of her foes!
Myriads were moving in that city proud,
Myriads were moving 'neath one dense dark cloud;
In chequered mass beneath that spot of sky,
Dwelt guilt and virtue, wealth and poverty!
But not the meanest of the lawless crew,
Lurking till night his evil work to do,
Was ere more reckless, or more dark his crime,
Than that proud monarch of this western clime!

Lo! on the smoky cloud a floating thing—
O what a world of tidings did it bring!
Lo! a broad banner floating in the air,
So thin you scarce might deem that mortals placed it
there,

Yes ! fair and spotless was each waving fold,
But what a mockery of the tale it told !
It told of woman, pure as violets' breath,
Hated and wronged, had died a traitor's death !
Crown'd, fetter'd, slaughter'd at a despot's will,
Queen, captive, corse, but guiltless woman still !
O that white pennon drooped as if with shame,
At that foul deed that stained a monarch's name !

Lo ! a strange rapture o'er the monarch came,
Flashed from his eye, and trembled in his frame ;
He scarce suppressed a joyful fiendish yell,
At her sad fate, whom erst he loved so well !

And did'st thou deem, O monarch, did'st thou deem
So smooth the current of thy passion's stream,
Fair Woman but the blossom of a day,
Born to be dallied with, then cast away ?
Base tyrant, know that Woman was *not* born
For the poor prey of passion, hate, and scorn ;

No bubble in life's goblet floating there,—
The first rude lip dispels it into air !
Such is not Woman ! She in life's dull hour,
Firm as the rock, yet gentle as the flower,
She quells the tempests in this earthly strife ;
She is to man companion, friend, and wife !
But woe to thou who shared with her a throne,
And made her take a scaffold for her own !
For each red blood-drop is enshrined above,
Of this poor victim of thy early love !

Still the young fawns over the bracken bound,
And still the lovely view extends around,
Still the high mound remains so green and fair,
You scarce might deem that guilt had trodden there !
But every passer by doth pause and say
“ 'Twas here the monarch stood that fatal day.”
'Tis a sad silent monument of crime,
Unchanged, unsmitten by the hand of time ;

For every spring new blades and flowerets grow,
Fair as those slumbering in the dust below !
And now, e'en now to fancy's eye appear
To mourn the guilt of him who once trod here !
While woodland birds record in plaintive song,
A monarch's passion, and a Woman's wrong.

November 28th, 1834.

—o—

BEAUTY.

I LOVE to gaze on Beauty ! O I love
To mark the glances of a sparkling eye,
From 'neath the eyelash dark, in wildness rove,
And blue and brilliant as a summer sky !
The figure formed in perfect symmetry ;
The graceful waving of each auburn tress
I love to gaze on ! Then in Poesy
Attempt to paint that matchless loveliness,
And own the effort vain, such Beauty to express.

December 1st, 1834.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

How cold and cheerless are the hours,
And dark the wintry day ;
The sun shines on the leafless bowers
With chill and yellow ray !
And cold and damp when night is nigh,
The freezing dew falls heavily !

But thoughts the Christian soul will warm,
While outward things are chill ;
While all without is reft of charm,
They shine with brightness still !
A holy thought contentment brings,
O sweet are thoughts on holy things !

Thoughts on the mercy of our God,
Our great Redeemer's love ;
He who in earthly deserts trod,
And left his throne above !
And all,—man sinning, man to save,
And tell of hopes beyond the grave !

He came not in a warrior's path,
With mighty armies strong ;
He came not as a God in wrath,
Avenging Judah's wrong ;
To preach on earth his Father's word,
A little child came Christ the Lord !

Glad was our Saviour's natal morn,
Angels rejoiced in heaven,
That "unto us a Child is born,
"To us a Son is given ;"
And angels left their home on high,
To tell of Christ's nativity !

When moonbeams shed their radiance pale,
From the bright eastern sky,
The angels told their wond'rous tale
To shepherds watching nigh !
And glory in a heavenly blaze,
Eclipsed the pale moon's fainter rays !

December, 1834.—Unfinished.

—o—

HYMN ON OUR SAVIOUR'S PASSION.

How fallen is man ! how dreadful was the change,
That brought Sin, Death, and Sorrow on the earth ;
That filled men's hearts with thoughts so sadly strange,
The Prince of Darkness must have given them birth.

Pride is the master of the human soul ;
Pride, sternest Pride, is monarch of the heart ;
Close as the serpents round their victim roll,
Close as the ivy plant that will not part

From its supporting tree ! Men will not yield :
They e'en rebel against their Maker's word ;
But though their worldly hearts with Pride are steeled,
Yet if they saw our suffering Saviour Lord,

Our Saviour Jesus in the darkest time,
Writhing in pangs of inward agony,
Crush'd 'neath the weight of every human crime,
By Cedron's wave in green Gethsemane,

How humbling were the sight ! how fit to wring
From the proud heart one penitential tear ;
Since Christ was stung by suffering's sharpest sting,
O who should murmur at his portion here ;

O who should murmur ? not the child of clay,
Kindred of reptiles, brother of the worm ;
No murmuring sound should

January, 1835.—Unfinished.

ON GOING TO RESIDE IN THE CLOSE AT
WINCHESTER, JANUARY, 1835.

I go where hills and meadows lie ;
 I leave the home that gave me birth ;
I go where beauty's matchless eye
 Might draw the diamond from the earth ;
 I go to scenes of nightly mirth,
Where beauty's form shall meet mine eyes ;
 Where, bounded by a hilly girth,
The city's ancient towers rise !

There I shall breathe the purest air,
 And there ascend the highest hill,
And see the blithe lark mounting there
 With syren notes so wild and shrill !
 Yet is my spirit strangely chill ;
Cold is my heart,—my soul is sad,—
 I felt it then,—I feel it still,
And yet my spirit should be glad !

And I shall hear the organ's peal
In distant echoes —
Those echoes to my chamber steal,
The sweeter for the uncertain tone,
For one must listen or 'tis gone ;
(Oh only twice I've heard it near,)
But some reflecting hour alone,
The sound may glad and soothe mine ear !

But yet I leave the home of joy ;
I go where sickness wearies me ;
I leave the home of fancy's toy,
And where I loved a reverie !
But I have lost my bosom's key,
My dreamy soul hath lost its tone ;
The dreams are fled of what would be,
The spell is broke,—and I am gone !

January, 1835.

STANZAS.

WHEN this weak frame is stiff and cold,
When all my dreams are o'er,
The gladsome tales that fancy told
Shall please my soul no more.

O lay me in our churchyard ground,
And in no dark cathedral's gloom ;
O lay me 'neath a grassy mound,
And not beneath a marble tomb.

For marble is so cold, and—
Methinks I could not slumber there ;
While a green grave is cool with dew
That bathes the flowers so sweet and fair.

But deep in earth, O let me lie,
Within the greenest, freshest spot,
Where the cool river runneth by,
Cool as the fabled mermaid's grot.

In my own sweet home's burial ground,
There raise no monument for me ;
But only raise a little mound,
And on it plant a willow tree.

And by it plant the flowers of spring,
The primrose and the violet ;
To that green mound the blue flower bring,
That tells us we must " not forget."

There plant the harebell, Scotland's flower ;
And oh let crimson daisies—
The flower that grows in field or bower,
And every where beneath the sand !

O I shall sleep in dreamless sleep,
But not unmourned by those I knew ;
For those bright flowers will shortly peep,
Moistened by the showers and dew.

If I die whene'er the summer flowers
Are blooming with their brightest hues ;
If I die whene'er the hazel bowers
Are glittering with the summer dews,

Bury me not when the setting sun
Is floating fast from mortal ken ;
Not when the day is nearly done—
O do not, do not bury me then !

But bury me at the matin hour,
When birds are singing on the tree ;
When all are blithe in the garden bower,
And all is joyful harmony.

I cannot brook a summer's eve,
I cannot love the sunset time ;
But when it comes I ever grieve
That vanished is the morning prime.

I love the morn, the summer morn ;
I love the breaking of the day,
When sounds on fresh'ning gales are borne,
And all is joyful, all is gay.

March, 1835.

THE END.

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